

When the King recovered his Crown, and traitors lost their Heads.
To the Tune of, *Ye Gallants that daigne to play.*



YE merry hearts that love to play
At Cards, see who hath won the day,
You that once did sadly ling,
The Knave o'th Clubs hath won the King:
Now more happy times ye have,
The King hath overcome the Knave,
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Not long ago a Game was play'd,
When three Crowns at the Stake was lay'd,
England had no cause to boast,
Knaves won that which Kings had lost:
Coaches gabe the way to Cards,
And Clubs were better Cards than Hearts; &c.
Old Noll was the Knave o'th Clubs,
And Dad of such as Preach in Tubs:
Bradshaw, Ireton, and Pride,
Were three other Knaves beside:
And they play'd with half the Pack,
Throwing out all Cards but Black; &c.
But the just Hates th'res these four out,
Which made the Loyal Party shout,
The Pope would fain have had the Stock,
And with these Cards have whip'd his Dock,
But soon the Devil these Card-snatches,
To dip in Brimstone and make Matches,
To dip; &c.

But still the Sport sor to maintain,
Lambert, Hasslerige, and Vain,
And one-ay'd Hewson, took their places,
Knaves were better Cards than Aces:
But Fleetwood he himself did save,
Because he was More Fool than Knave; &c.
Cromwell, though he so much had won,
Yet he had an unlucky Son:
He is still and not regardis,
Whilst running Gamblers set the Cards,
And thus alas, poor silly Dick,
He play'd a while, but lost the Tricks &c.
The Bumpers that had won whole Towns,
The spoyls of Parties, and of Crowns:
Were not contented but grew rough,
As though they had not won enough:
They kept the Cards still in their hands,
To play for Tithes and Colledge Lands,
To play; &c.
The Presbyteries began to stir,
That they were like to loose the set,
Unto the Rump they did appeal,
And late it was their turns to deal,
Then dealt the Presbyteries, but,
The Army swore that they will cut;
The Army swore that they will cut.

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The Foreign Lands began to wonder,
To see what Gallants we lived under,
That they which Christness did forsake,
Should follow Gaming all the Year :
Say more, which was the strangest thing,
To play so long without a King.

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The bold Phanatics present were,
Like Soldiers, with their backs thereto :
Not doubting but that every Game
Some profit would redound to them :
Because they were the Gamesters' Friends,
And every day broach new Opinions, &c.
But Cheshire Men (as Stories say)
Began to shew them Gamester's play :
Hath Booth, and all his Army Striven
To save the stakes of lost their illes :
But wh' lab late, they were undone,
By playing of their Cards too soon : &c.
Thus all the while a Club was trump,
There's none could ever beat the Bump :
Until a noble General came,
And gave the Cheaters a clear name :
His finger did out-wit their money,
And screwed up poor Jack Lambert's body, &c.
Then Haillridge began to groan,
And said the General plain sool :
Look to him Partners, for I tell ye,
This Monk has got a King in's belly :

Now is, worth Monk, but I will see
Sir Arthur has a Knave in's sleeve, &c.
When General Monk all unmerciful
The Bump were preping into's horn :
He wifely kept his Cards from light,
Which put the Bump into a stight :
He saw how many were betray'd.

That shew'd their Cards before they play'd, &c.
At length, quoth he, come Cards we lack,
I will not play with half a Pack :
What you call out, I will bring in,
And a new Game we will begin :
With that the Standers by his say,

They never yet saw fairer play, &c.
But presently this Game was past,
And for a second Knave were call'd,
All new Cards, not stain'd with Spots,
So was the Bumper and the Scots :
Here good Gamesters plain their party,

They turned up the King of Heares, &c.
After this Game was done, I think
The Standers by his cause to think :
And the Loyal Subjects King,
Farewell Standers, and welcome King :
Till we saw the King return'd,

We wish'd the Cards had all been burn'd ;

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F. N. I. S. L. P.
London, Printed for F. C. Cotes, The Rose, In 1774.
and St. Cuth. 1774.